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LONDON

A

POEM.

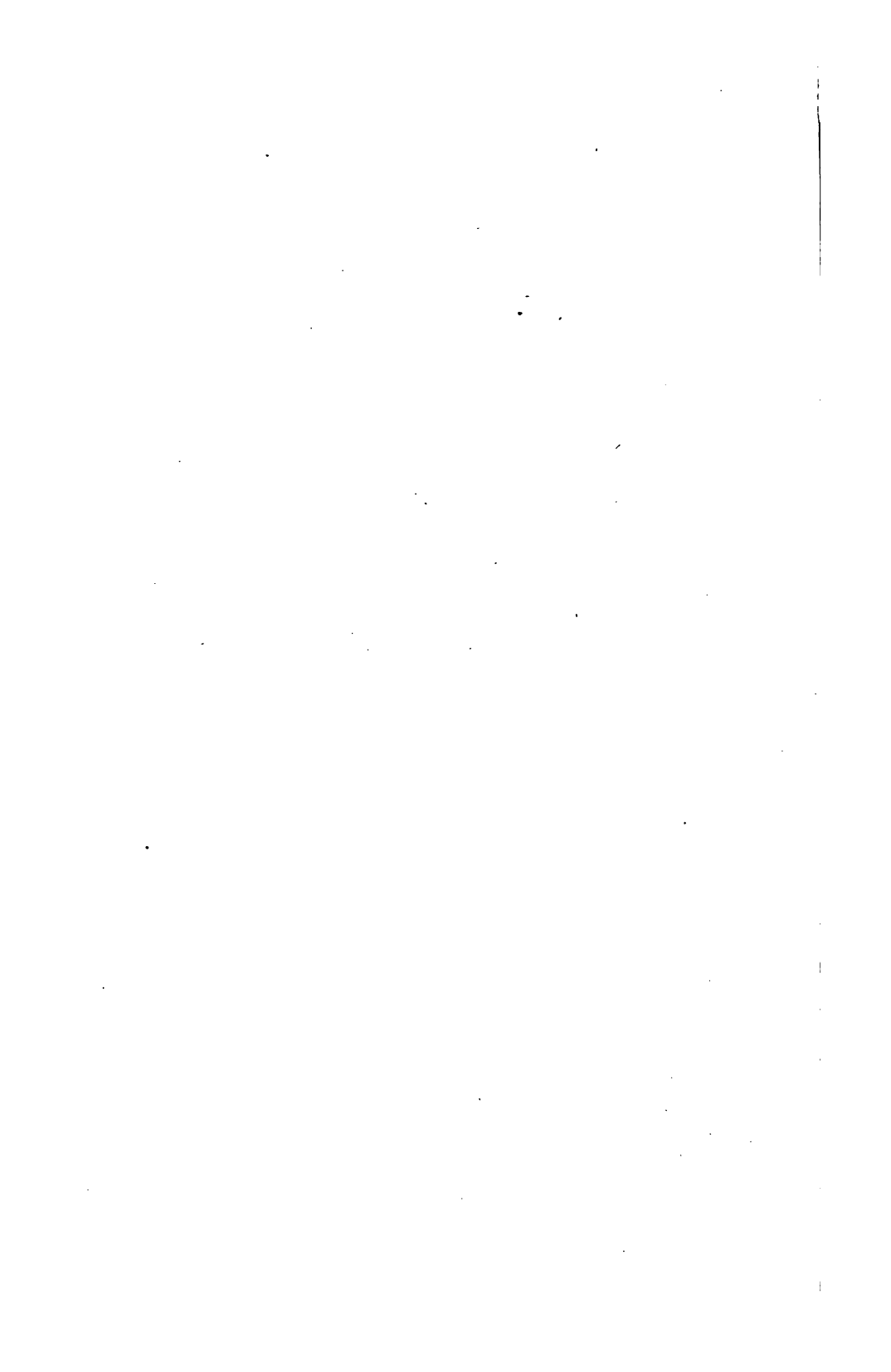
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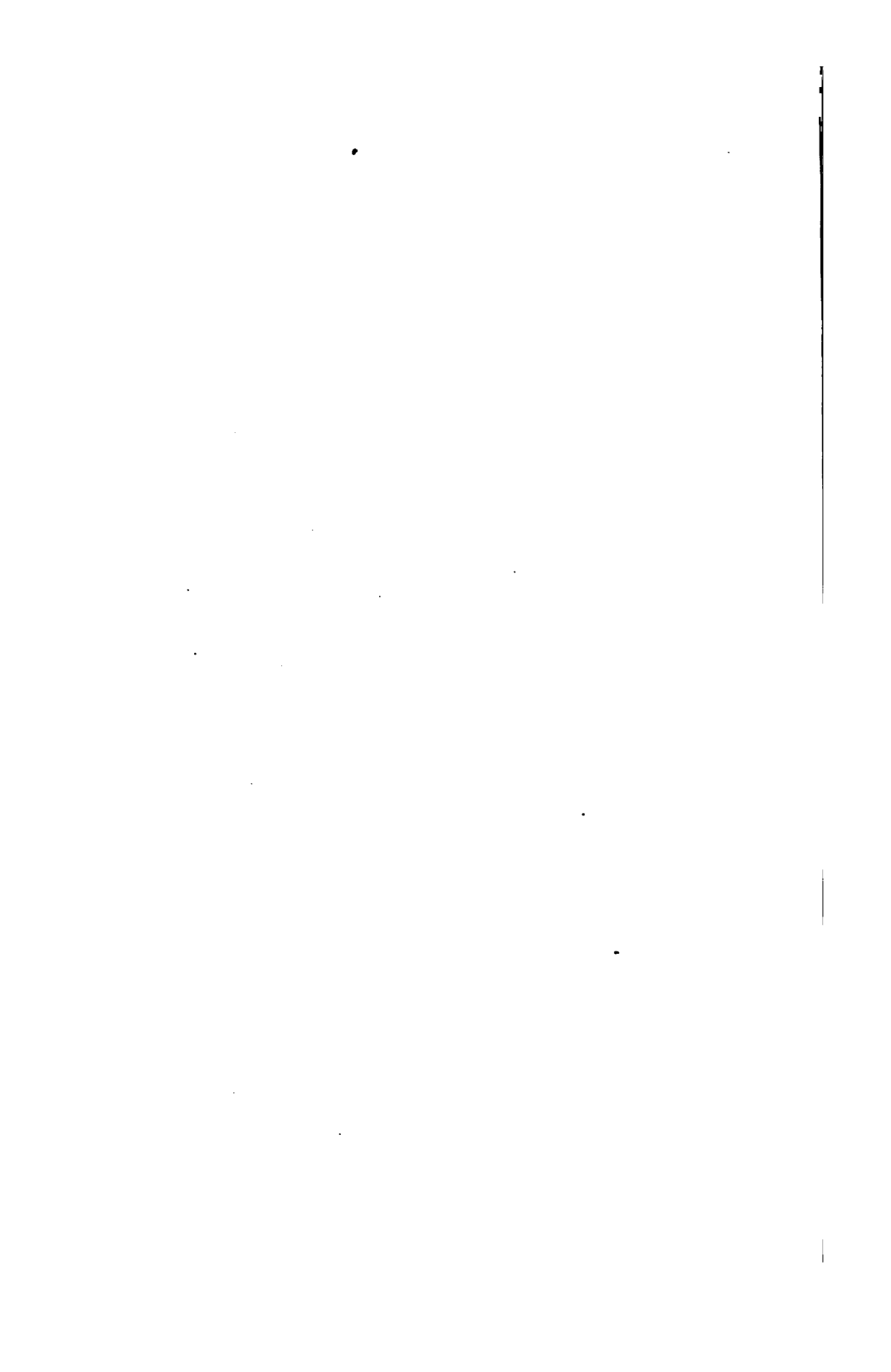
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LONDON.



LONDON

A FRAGMENTARY POEM.

BY

J. HENEAGE JESSE,

AUTHOR OF

"MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND," "THE PRETENDERS
AND THEIR ADHERENTS," "LITERARY AND HISTORICAL
MEMORIALS OF LONDON," ETC.

LONDON

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1847.



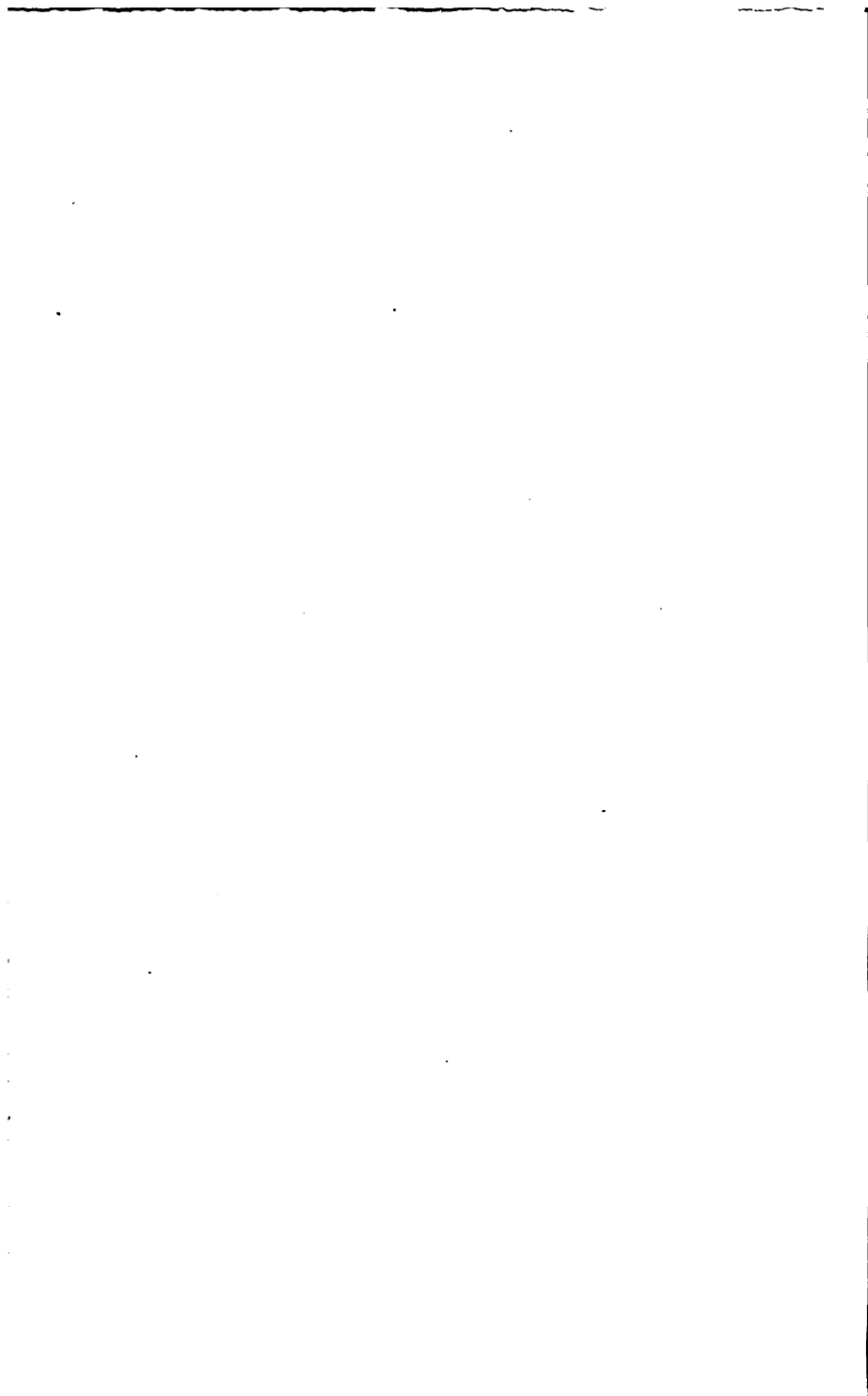
TO
SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

THESE VERSES

Are Enscribed,

AS A TOKEN OF ADMIRATION AND ESTEEM,

BY THE AUTHOR.



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L O N D O N.

Part the First.

I.

THE Poet sat beside his lonely hearth,
No voice to cheer him, and no sound of mirth;
How desolate he felt! the twilight gloom
Stole o'er his heart, like shadows o'er the tomb.
His days of youth and young romance were o'er;
For him the heart's gay hopes could bloom no more;
He had no home, no children; mistress, friend,
None with whom kindred tenderness could blend;
His heart grown old ere yet his youth was run,
A dreary waste, ungladdened by a sun.

B

How desolate he felt! Could nought control
That thirst for love—that craving of the soul?
Not his those gifts of gaiety and ease,
Which win each heart, in every circle please;
Sadly he listened to the clattering sound
Of the gay chariot dashing o'er the ground;
Bearing along the happy and the free,
To scenes of mirth where he might never be;
Where Beauty's youngest daughters, gliding there,
Heaved their white breasts, and waved their raven hair.
How desolate he felt! He turned in vain
To joys and hopes that ne'er could spring again;
His early home, his boyhood's happy scene,
To what he was, and what he might have been;
No passion conquered, no desire denied,
Time misemployed, and talents misapplied;
For little had he learned the art to live,
Seeking from life for more than life could give;
Wasting, alas! when Youth was on its wing,
The summer of his days while yet 'twas spring;

Too early tempted by forbidden fruit,
For Pleasure lured, and Wisdom's voice was mute;
Too early wooed to Beauty's dangerous bower,
Too early sensitive of all her power;
He laughed at fools, yet bowed at Folly's call,
Nor knew himself the veriest fool of all;
Placed the true book of knowledge on the shelf,
And read mankind, but never knew himself.

II.

Silent and sad, and yet not all alone,
For Fancy's fairy realm is still his own;
Still are there lovely things in earth and sky,
The flowers beneath, the glorious stars on high;
Still, Poetry could throw some gleams of bliss,
To gild the winter of a world like this;
E'en in this whirl of selfishness and crime,
He still could blend philosophy with rhyme;
With silent steps the haunts of Genius tread,
And pay his humble homage to the dead.

Come, then, let Reason act a manlier part;
Shake off this moral mildew of the heart!
Let us go forth into the glorious night,
And drink of beauty from her founts of light;
Where yon proud pile, the work of mightier days,*
Sleeps in the splendour of the heavenly rays;
Or, where the Conqueror's blood-stained towers arise,
Glide through its dungeons with a poet's eyes;
Then, wandering on, retread each sacred sod
Which Wisdom, Virtue, Valour's feet have trod;
Scenes where Ambition built her dreams of power,
Or Hunger mocked the poet's closing hour.

Free from the crowd, each hallowed spot we roam,
Where Genius found a death-bed or a home;
While Memory lingers on each honoured name,
Through life despised, yet heirs to endless fame;
Children of Fancy, Famine, and Despair,
Whose drink was tears, whose daily bread was care;

* Westminster Abbey.

Ambition's playthings, o'er whose sacred dust
Relenting Time has reared the tardy bust.
Here Dryden's genius soared its lofty flight;
There Fancy blazed through Milton's darkened sight;
These walls still speak of Goldsmith's mournful tale;
Here Spenser starved, there Rushworth died in jail;
Here, nightly outcasts, round this lordly Square
Johnson and Savage roamed, a houseless pair;
Here Otway's fate yon frowning Tower recalls;
There Gay was nursed in Queensberry's ducal halls;—
Those walls, where Prior was beloved of yore,
Received with rapture one true poet more.
Here, in this chamber, Congreve's hours were blest,
With blooming Wortley for his evening guest;
Here Oldfield's beaming eyes, and quiet mirth,
Threw love and laughter round his cheerful hearth;
Here flashed his wit, and here the poet died,
Marlborough's young duchess weeping by his side;
Reversed for him the bard's proverbial doom,
Through life beloved, and wept o'er in the tomb.

III.

Ill-fated Sterne! a different lot was thine,
Thy closing scene demands a gloomier line.
Thou! who didst boast, when youthful blood ran warm,
That Death was dreadful only in his form;
A boon, if free from Love's convulsive sighs,
From pomp, and groans, and funeral obsequies;
Say, through thy nights of sickness and of pain,
Did nothing whisper thee thy boast was vain?
When Death upon thy cheerless couch looked down,
Was there no terror, Yorick! in his frown?
Short was the triumph of thy bright career,
Who wok'st at will the laughter or the tear;
Whose plaintive fiction, and whose comic page,
Cheered the sick-room, and smoothed the cares of Age;
Yet ill the world, that of thy wit did rave,
Repaid thee for the pleasure which it gave.
Lone was thy parting scene; no friend was there;
No loved-one sobbing with dishevelled hair;

Of all who lured thee to their social board,
The wealthy coxcomb, and the empty lord,
Not all thy genius, wit, nor fame, could bring
One friend to tend thee till thy soul took wing;
Thy sole companion was the hireling nurse,
The hireling mute sole mourner o'er thy hearse!

IV.

God of my fathers! 'tis a painful thing
To watch immortal Genius droop its wing;
Neglected drawing tow'ards its wretched end,
Without a patron, and without a friend!
With wealth and fame the statesman's toils are paid;
Wealth, stars, and titles, crown the warrior's trade;
The needy pedant stocks some lordling's brains,
And wears at last a mitre for his pains;
The actor, ranting on the scenic boards,—
The warbling eunuch,—each his thousands hoards;
The simpering Frenchman, decked in tinselled gauze,
Capers so high, he wins the world's applause;

Projectors, usurers, gamesters,—all unfold
In Fortune's lottery some prize for gold;
Genius alone is jostled from the crowd,
Too child-like for their arts, perchance too proud.
Go! turn thy glance, and mark what smiles attend
The man who makes the Minister his friend;
Go! swell his hungry train, a pliant slave,
And let St. Stephen's boast another knave;
Soon will thy venal efforts meet with grace,
Thy noisy zeal be silenced with a place.
Lord of a Borough, or a score of votes,
What, weighed with these, are Fancy's sweetest notes?
Alas! how valueless, in such a mart,
That low accomplishment—an honest heart!
All have their day, with hope or pride elate,
While Genius shivers at Preferment's gate.
In vain the scholar toils, the poet sings,
For what are they to Ministers and Kings!
To charm mankind they waste the midnight oil,
In thankless vigils and laborious toil;

With Care and Want maintain a painful strife,
Till Care and Want have sapped the springs of life ;
When, sick alike of censure and of praise,
They curse the genius which inspired their lays.

V.

In yon dark alley, where the wintry day
Sheds through the dingy pane its sickliest ray ;
Where Childhood's merry laughter never sounds,
But Crime skulks forth, and Penury abounds ;
There, racked with anguish on his tattered bed,
Young, gifted Lovelace drooped his dying head !
How changed from him, who poured in happier days
His tender verse in young Lucasta's praise ;
Or, doomed to share his captive monarch's fate,
Sang just as sweetly through his prison-grate ;
The courtier, soldier, poet ; he who threw
O'er Pleasure's flowery path a brighter hue ;
He who eclipsed the titled and the vain,
In royal Henrietta's laughing train ;

Whose graceful form, and whose enchanting song,
Woke the warm wish in that admiring throng;
Pleased with the world, by all the world carest,
The star of Genius sparkling on his breast;
First in the foray, lightest in the dance,
Lord of the song, of pleasure, and the lance;
Now, with no friend to close his glazing eye,
But left in want and solitude to die;
By strangers' hands his feverish wants supplied,
Each loved-one absent, and each prayer denied.
And where is she who roused his early lay?—
The young, the gay, the lovely—where are they?
Where is the laughing Queen—the courtly train,—
Who hung enamoured on the poet's strain?
Some share their murdered monarch's bloody tomb,
And some in want and exile mourn their doom;
Nor heed what anguish marks the cheerless end
Of him they loved,—the poet and the friend.

VI.

Pause, too, to mark yon mouldering roof hard by!
There hapless Chatterton retired to die.
He on whose pale and lofty brow was wrought,
The melancholy majesty of thought;
That wondrous boy who perished in his pride,
The gentle bard, but daring suicide !
Bright were the dreams, and joyous was the time,
When first the infant minstrel lisped in rhyme;
No taste for Boyhood's ruder sports was his,
But Fancy's sweet and solitary bliss;
His was the joy by Severn's banks to rove,
To murmur poetry and dream of love;
When the young Morn, refreshed by sunniest showers,
Decked with a thousand pearls the opening flowers;
The world all gay from Nature's fairy loom,
The air all fragrance, and the earth all bloom;
Or, happier still, when, in the evening grey,
Stretched 'neath St. Mary's holy towers* he lay;

* St. Mary's Redcliffe, Bristol.

When on his ear the solemn chant would steal,
Or glorious burst the organ's volumed peal;
There would he muse on pious Canynge's tomb,*
And sing Sir Bawdin's tale and bloody doom.
And sweet the child of Fancy tuned his lays;
Sweetly, how sweetly! passed those summer days;
For sternest critics with approval smiled
On the high notes of Genius' youngest child.
But swiftly flew those transient hours of joy;
The mighty city claimed the gifted boy;
To all he prized the minstrel bade adieu,
For scenes less lovely, and for skies less blue;
Warm on his cheek a mother's tear-drop fell,
And wept the sister whom he loved so well;
Sweet was their fostering love; but sweeter came
The sigh for greatness, and the dreams of fame.
High hope was his, by young ambition fed,
For fancied laurels seemed to crown his head;

* The tomb of William Canynge is still a conspicuous object in the south transept of St. Mary's church.

Praised by the wise, and courted by the great,
Fair dawned the morning of his wintry fate;
In Pleasure's courtly halls a welcome guest,
His muse was honoured, and the bard cared.
But ye, who bask in Favour's fostering sun,
How soon ye wake to find yourselves undone!
To find how soon the summer crowd have fled,
Or raised some newer idol in your stead!
Such was thy fate, young Chatterton! Awhile
The world received thee with its blandest smile;
Awhile, the empty, fashionable throng,
Stared at the bard, and wondered at his song.
Then came the bitter change, the dark reverse;
Close on the steps of Genius creeps its curse;
Then came the family of human ill,
The pangs which madden if they do not kill;
To mark mankind grow cold, and, day by day,
Ambition's glittering frost-work melt away;
Youth's gallant hopes on black experience wreck'd,
Degrading poverty, and chill neglect;

Doomed through the streets a houseless wretch to
roam;

Days without food, and nights without a home;
Forsaken by the senseless sons of pride,—
'Twas thus the young, the gifted minstrel died!

Yet was there one, when Fate began to lower,
Who watched with moistened eyes his closing hour.
No ermined peer, no lord of countless wealth,
But one as poor and humble as himself,
Whom kindred misery had taught to feel,
Shared with the dying boy her scanty meal;
And when Distraction seized his maddening soul,
And frenzied Reason quaffed the poisoned bowl;
While writhing 'neath Convulsion's iron grip,
She wiped the death-foam from his livid lip;
Through the long moments of that dreadful night,
Watched till the fluttering spirit winged its flight;
Prayed by his couch, received his latest sigh,
Smoothed his cold corpse, and closed his glazing eye.

Of one so young, so gifted, what remains?
Nought but the magic of his deathless strains;
The churchman's stinted prayer, the humble shell,
The pauper's grave, the pauper's hurried knell!

VII.

The moon shines bright upon the hallowed spot
Where passed thy closing hours, immortal Scott!
Oh! who like thee could soar from zone to zone,
And paint alike the cottage and the throne!
Feelings, that still from every bosom flow,
Yet flowed the same a thousand years ago;
Joy in her wildness, Anguish in her throes,
The rich man's pageantry, the poor man's woes;
Warning each heart to soar on Fancy's wings,
And making peasants intimate with kings!
Thy name is blazed in many a distant land,
By foreign tongues thy wondrous page is scann'd;
Millions unborn, its magic to partake,
Shall learn the language for the poet's sake.

Thee, too, shall Virtue mourn, whose muse begot
"No line which, dying, thou didst wish to blot;"
Who mingled in thy tales, so wild and bright,
The love of goodness, while they flung delight.
Yes! had they seen thee heave the generous sigh,
Where Anguish groaned, and Penury prayed to die;
Seen how thy glance in gentlest pity fell,
To soothe those pangs thy pen could draw so well;
Or, where the circle closed around the fire,
Watched the fond husband and th' indulgent sire;
Warm from their hearts would flow the fond regard;
They'd love the Christian as they prize the bard.
E'en when a wanderer on a foreign shore,
To seek that health which must return no more;
E'en then, from that worn frame no groan was wrung;
No fretful murmur faltered on thy tongue;
But one fond wish, thy native land to reach,
And fix thy dying eyes on that loved beach,
The land thy childhood roamed, thy manhood prized,
The scenes thy genius has immortalized!

VIII.

Change we the scene, to sing, in bolder lays,
The great, the fair, the good, of other days;
The hall all bright with banner and with plume,
Kings on their thrones, and Beauty in her bloom!

IX.

How cold and dull the wanderer's footsteps fall,
Where stood thy regal chambers, proud Whitehall!
Where is the pile the haughty churchman reared?
Where are the classic halls by time endeared?
Mark, where the dark meandering waters lave
These time-worn steps, descending to the wave;
Here kings embarked, with all their rich array,
Girt with the young, the beautiful, the gay;
And Pleasure bade the gilded vessel glide,
While music floated on the laughing tide.
Now, while I stand upon the cold, damp stone,
The river's mournful ripple sounds alone;

No more I see the gorgeous train pass by,
No more, proud pile! thy splendours meet my eye;
No more thy gardens, sloping to the Thames,
Are filled with high-born men and courtly dames;
Changed is the spot where Beauty twined her bowers,
Where fountains sparkled midst a waste of flowers;
Where, rapt in thought, great Wolsey loved to
 rove,
And Henry toyed with Boleyn in the grove!

Here where I stand, when Chivalry was young,
The coursers neighed, th' enamelled armour rung;
Here stood the lists; the crimson pennon streamed,
And bright the helm and flashing falchion gleamed;
Here stood the herald in his glittering garb,
Here pawed the earth the warrior's foaming barb;
With visors closed, their lances in the rest,
Their white plumes waving from each polished crest;
See, with hot speed the rival knights advance,
Deal the fierce blow, or break the pointed lance;

While from the silken galleries above,
Fair ladies fling their anxious looks of love.

X.

But now, how silent and how sad the spot,
Each glory vanished, and each pomp forgot!
Yet still Imagination loves to trace,
Where Wolsey triumphed in his pride of place;
Recals the churchman and his liveried train,
The great, the wise, the haughty, and the vain;
The silken thousands feasted at his board,
The ermined prelate, and the Gartered lord;
The glittering banquet, and the regal state,
The great within, the suppliants at his gate;
When Wolsey owned a more than monarch's power,
And reigned the haughty despot of an hour.
Calmly he sleeps in Leicester's cloistered aisle,
Above a people's hate, a tyrant's smile;
Proclaiming from the tomb the ill that springs
For those who build upon the faith of kings.

XI.

Change we the scene!—A brighter throng is there;
See Henry's throne usurps his favourite's chair!
No more the pomp of Papal Rome we trace;
The jewelled courtier fills the churchman's place;
And Beauty's peerless form, and glorious eye,
Shine in the gilded hall and gallery high;
And Music pours her rich, delicious strains,
And Love looks blest, and Age forgets its pains;
And Youth and Beauty mingle in the dance,
Exchange the mutual vow and melting glance.
But see! with flashing eyes and angry mien,
In lonely state sits Henry's injured Queen!*
See youthful Mary, destined bride of France,
Half pleased, half angry, blush at Brandon's glance!
See Surrey breathe his own impassioned line,
In gentle dalliance, to his Geraldine!
See Cromwell muse on Wolsey's closing hour,
His rise to greatness, his descent from power;

* Catherine of Arragon.

Cromwell, condemned a like reverse to know,
To soar as proudly, and to fall as low!

But mark, in yonder rich recess apart,
Where Henry woos the lady of his heart!
Deaf to his consort's claims,—all sacred ties,—
He looks for love in Boleyn's azure eyes;
Toys with her small white hand, allays her fears,
And pleads his suit to no unwilling ears;
While she, the envy of that glittering ring,
Blushes to hear the praises of her King.
Ill-fated Boleyn! when thy childhood strayed
Through Hever's primrose walks, and hawthorn glade;
When swelled thy rich notes in thine own loved
bowers;
With one solicitude, thy birds and flowers;
Or, when young Percy, seated by thy side,
Took thy soft hand, and claimed thee for his bride;
Snatched his first kiss, and breathed th' enamoured vow
Or circled flowery chaplets for thy brow;

Were not thy thoughts more calm, thy heart more blest,
Than when a monarch clasped thee to his breast?

Fair, transient plaything for a tyrant's lust,
How soon shall foes and rivals breed mistrust!
Possession cloy, satiety begins,
And venial faults are blackened into sins.
See! darkly lower the gathering clouds of fate,
Gleams the sharp axe, and yawns the Traitor's Gate;
And Boleyn's latest look, and dying moan,
Reproach the charms that raised her to a throne.

XII.

It is the hush of night! The moonbeams fall
On flower and fount, on turret and on hall;
And all is still and silent; save at times
Toll the deep, midnight, melancholy chimes;
While, slowly pacing o'er the echoing ground,
The sentry takes his solitary round.
A single lamp in yonder turret gleams;
Far o'er the Thames its trembling halo streams.

There sits the sceptred boy, the student-king!*

For him no joys the dance or banquet bring.

Though youth, wealth, honour, lineage, are his own,
And more than earthly beauty, and a throne;
For him in vain the flatterer spreads his net,
Or Beauty tempts with eyes of luscious jet.

His mind is fixed on nobler thoughts than these,
On loftier studies, which instruct and please.

Immersed in holy or in classic lore,
His ermine lies neglected on the floor;
Above the joys that fade, the tastes that cloy,
For Genius' fatal gift is thine, fair boy!

And fell disease on that pale brow I trace,
And burns consumption's hectic on thy face.

But hovering angels smile on virtue's friend,
And smoothe thy path, young Edward! to thine end.

Well pleased, the blameless sufferer lays him down,
And yields an earthly for a heavenly crown.

* Edward the Sixth.

XIII.

Turn we from bigot Mary's bloody reign,
And fill with brighter scenes these halls again!
Lo! where Eliza holds her stately court,
Genius, the Muses, and the Loves resort.
Queen of the lion-port! I see thee stand,
Girt with the high-born magnates of the land;
Warriors and bards, the statesman and the sage,
The master-spirits of a giant age.
There leans the bard who sang by Avon's tide;
There frown the chiefs who quenched the Armada's
pride;
There glitters courtly Walsingham; and there
Young Essex sits in dalliance with the fair.
See great Eliza, throned in purple state,
With reverend Burleigh hold the close debate;
With Bacon speak of Nature's wondrous stores;
With Raleigh rove on India's palmy shores;
With courtly Hatton thread the stately dance,
Or throw on Leicester's form a tenderer glance;

Leicester, whose lips, in Windsor's shady grove,
Had dared to breathe the dangerous tale of love.

But Time and Grief have wrought their change:
proud Queen,
I mark thine anxious eye, thine altered mien;
Long years have ploughed their furrows on thy face,
And dimmed thine awful charms, and boasted grace.
Where are thy days of mirth, thy nights of ease?
Lo! flattery cloy, and pleasures cease to please.
Stretched on her splendid, solitary bed,
The fretful Monarch clasps her throbbing head;
Peevish she turns from Burleigh's soothing tone;
Loathing herself, she dreads to be alone:
Through each long day, with anxious gaze, is scann'd
A small bright ring that glitters on her hand;
Dear, sad memorial of a happier hour,
When Love and Essex proved their dangerous power.
Essex, thine own loved Essex!—where is he?
Nay, start not, Lady! 'twas thine own decree;

Nor wake thus wildly from thy feverish bed;
'Twas only Fancy drew that severed head !
Less peace for her who lives, than him who dies;
Calm in his crimsoned shroud the loved-one lies.
What if his fiery soul, his rival's hate,
And woman's treacherous friendship, sealed his fate;
'Twas thine, that great prerogative! to save;
And yet thou doom'dst him to an early grave;
Doom'dst him to curse thee with his latest breath,
Thou cold, stern author of his bloody death!

XIV.

In silence turn we, and in stern disgust,
From James's rule of pedantry and lust;
Its noisy revels, that would ape in vain
The stately pastimes of Eliza's reign;
Its dull buffooneries, its sickly joys,
Its silken parasites, and Gartered boys.
Turn we from these, the sacred spot to tread,
Where fell, unhappy Charles! thy severed head.

By all the Graces, all the Arts bemoaned,
With thee triumphant, and with thee dethroned;
Here flew thy moments of domestic bliss;
Here soared thy hopes to higher worlds than this;
Here, while thine infants prattled in thine arms,
Strayed thy fond glance to Henrietta's charms;
Here too, when Faction reared her rampant band,
And foul Rebellion revelled through the land;
Here, in the ancient palace of thy race,
Triumphant Treason fixed thy dungeon-place.
Here, where each glance recalled thy days of power,
The bridal rapture, and the social hour;
Here broke the rabble soldier on thy rest,
With paltry insult and the ribald jest.
Here, o'er the infant offspring of thy care,
Fell thy last tear, and rose thy dying prayer;
How fondly gazing, as the closing door
Hid the young forms thou must behold no more!
Then did thy last, thy tenderest feeling stray
To her, thy Queen, thy loved-one, far away.

But lo! they come, in melancholy state,
Ill-fated King! to lead thee to thy fate;
Frown the mailed sentries at thy palace-doors,
And line its courts and gilded corridors;
The crowd is gathered, and the axe prepared,
Fixed is the block, the headsman's arm is bared;
Yet 'midst the horrors of that closing scene,
No terror shook thy calm, majestic mien:
Though gazing thousands wept thine hour of woe,
And shrank appalled, or cursed the hovering blow;
Thine was that inward peace, which could illumine
The last dark pangs which marshalled to the tomb;
Thine was the heaven-lit smile, the wish resigned,
The even pulse, the unconquerable mind;
The blissful visions of a soul forgiven,
That tastes the joys before it soars to Heaven!

XV.

But thou, dark man! by whose relentless doom
The martyred monarch found a bloody tomb;

What dost thou here within these regal walls,
Where every glance thy daring crime recalls?
Here, where thy victim's latest tear was shed,
Here, in the silent chambers of the dead,
Why sitt'st thou brooding, anxious, and alone,
Thou dark usurper of the Tudor's throne?
Whence was the pang that iron frame that shook?
Whence was that sudden start, that haggard look?
Can airy trifles shake that mighty mind,
The rustling tapestry, the moaning wind?
Yes! round thy feverish couch, and tortured brain,
Avenging Conscience groups her shadowy train;
Brings the pale phantoms of the good and brave,
By thee condemned to exile or the grave;
Thy waking agony, thy nightly fear,
Thy daughter's curses ringing in thine ear,
Thy dread of death, that seeks for lengthened days,
By craven arts which ill the end repays;
The secret armour, and the trebled guard,
Each foe suspected, from each friend debarred;

The mean intelligence, the watchful eye,
The ready poniard, and the hireling spy;
Thy soul a torment, and thy life a lie.

XVI.

These walls, vain man! have heard thy dying groan;
Thy guards, thy spies, thy fanatics have flown.
Wake then the dance, the revel, and the song,
Light the gay halls for Pleasure's laughing throng.
Young, gifted Charles! when bounteous Heaven restor'd
Thy father's sceptre to its rightful lord;
Say! was thy heart too callous to retrace
The ancestral sorrows of thy fated race?
These stones, ensanguined with a father's gore,
Thy friends, who died on many a foreign shore?
Could not their fate one serious thought impress?
Could not thine own long exile and distress
One tear of pious gratitude impart?
Or wring reflection from that rebel heart?

No! fill the bowl to Beauty's sparkling eyes!
 Live, while we live! the frolic monarch cries;
 Away with thought in Joy's delicious hours,
 Of love and mirth, of melody and flowers!
 Lo! on the ear voluptuous music falls,
 The lamps are flashing on the mirrored walls;
 How sweet the odours! and how gay the rooms,
 With sparkling jewels, and with waving plumes!
 Bright names that shine in History's page we trace;
 Hyde's mournful look, and Monmouth's angel-face;
 Portsmouth's dark eye, and Cleveland's haughty charms,
 That lured a monarch to her snowy arms:
 There royal Catherine checks the jealous tear,
 While pleads her lord in Beauty's flattered ear;
 There gleams the star on graceful Villiers' breast,
 Here the grouped courtiers laugh at Wilmot's jest:
 There glittering heaps of tempting gold entice
 The wealthy fool to chance the dangerous dice;
 Here floats young Beauty through the graceful dance,
 Feigns the fond sigh, or throws the wanton glance;

While the soft love-song, 'midst yon group apart,
Steals with impassioned sweetness o'er the heart.
Through these the monarch glides from fair to fair,
Hints the warm wish, or breathes the amorous prayer.
Such the gay scene the joyous night displays;
But mark the change to-morrow's sun surveys!
The song is hushed, the revellers are fled;
The monarch sleeps upon his funeral bed:
How coldly yawns the vault's sepulchral gloom!
There are no lords-in-waiting in the tomb!
All, whom his bounty fed, his grandeur won,
Have flown to worship at the rising sun.
Of all who courted, pandered, cringed, or sued,
Pleasure's gay swarm, and Flattery's hollow brood;
One heart alone, within her widowed bower,
Mourns with convulsive sobs their parting hour;
The only friend who watched his closing scene,
His injured spouse, his own neglected Queen!

PART THE SECOND.

Part the Second.

I.

THROW back the curtains! let me drink my fill
Of beauty from the night! How bright and still
The Lady of the Light resumes her reign,
Girt, like an Empress, with her glittering train!
With azure mantle, and with starry zone,
Yon silvery cloud the drapery of her throne!
And ye, her Satellites! on whom I gaze,
Till sight and sense turn dazzled from your rays;
Looking upon ye, till unbidden start
Tears from the eye, and worship from the heart;
Are ye but gems that gild the vaulted deep?
Or countless worlds, where myriads smile or weep?

Or those eternal Islands of the Blest,
Where Angels love, and sorrow is at rest?
Lo! the vast city slumbers at my feet;
Awhile its giant heart has ceased to beat;
Roofs, spires, and domes, the River's gliding stream,
Are steeped in beauty by the Moon's pale beam;
The strifes and struggles of the day are past,
And Pain has found its Paradise at last;
And Care and Want have earned their brief release,
Envy seems hushed, and Avarice at peace.
Yet, 'midst the millions of this sleeping hive,
What griefs, what anguish, must be still alive!
Even as I write, how many a soul takes wing,
While to the lifeless clay the living cling!
Or bursts the cry, so eloquently wild,
Of some young mother o'er her coffined child;
Or steals the widow from her infant's side,
To seek the chamber where her husband died.
And close to these are Pleasure's hollow throng,
The laugh, the dance, the revel, and the song;

How strangely mingled in this world of ours,
Anguish and joy!—the henbane with the flowers!
Childhood's sweet smiles, the sick man's gasping breath,
The bridal chamber, and the bed of death!

II.

Crouched in yon porch, arrayed in vesture light,
Behold the shivering outcast of the night!
Hear ye her sobs, that drown her infant's cry?
Mark ye her pallid cheek, her sunken eye?
Frail girl! on her the world has frowned its worst;
'Twere well, perchance, her weary heart should burst.
Hers is the tale of sorrow and disgrace,
Of many a fairy-form and angel-face;
The oft-told tale of the forsaken one,—
She listened, loved, believed, and was undone!
Once she was happy in her native bowers,
Blithe as her birds, and blooming as her flowers;
The lightest step that tripped along the green,
The village darling, and the May-day queen;

How beautiful she looked! how free from sin
Her joyous laugh proclaimed the mind within!
'Twas then the Spoiler came, with treacherous art
To sap—that easiest siege—a maiden's heart;
Lulled with soft eloquence her virgin fears,
And breathed delicious flattery in her ears;
Kissed from her cheek each tear-drop as it fell,
While faltering that she loved, and loved too well.
Queen of his heart; in Passion's pleading hour,
His was the vassalage, and hers the power.
Then it was sweet her moonlight walks to share,
And twine with jessamine her raven hair;
The meanest flower her passing foot had prest,
Was plucked, and treasured nearest to his breast.
He left her?—Yes! Too soon possession cloyed,
Her sighs reproached him, and her tears annoyed;
Then, rarer came the appointed hour of bliss,
The hurried visit, and the colder kiss;
Left her, in shame and agony, to brook
A mother's tears, a father's withering look;

Thrust forth, an outcast from her happy hearth,
To feel how changed were all she prized on earth;
To feel life's sweetest, loveliest dream was o'er,
To love as fondly, yet be loved no more;
Left her a cold unfeeling world to roam,
The frequent lover, and the tainted home;
To herd with things she once had blushed to name;
Her daily bread procured by nightly shame;
With all the ills which lawless joys entail,
The hospital, the brothel, and the jail!

III.

Shade of Democritus! if e'er thy smile
Has deigned to glance on this degenerate isle;
Thou, whose quick wit in classic Athens played,
And lashed alike the senate and arcade;
Laid bare the impostures of the sacred shrine,
Unmasked the patriot, crushed the poet's line;
Say! if the noblest city on the earth
Could thus provoke thy philosophic mirth;

What scope for ridicule, what playful taunts,
Would London lend thee in our modern haunts!
To see our Archons ape your civic state,
In Sheriffs' trappings, and a Lord Mayor's fête!
Our saints, our laws, our senates, and our schools,
Our titled strumpets, and our ermined fools:
Well might'st thou shake, thou laughter-loving
Sage!

And vent philosophy in cheerful rage;
To see your rulers by our own surpast,
Who starve a country, then proclaim a Fast;
The motley group would rouse thy honest roar,
And challenge laughter where you smiled of yore.

But thou, Heraclitus! with gentler mind,
Bewaild'st the sins and sufferings of mankind;
Weeping to think, in this dark world of strife,
How far the ills outweigh the sweets of life;
Haunting the scenes where human miseries dwell,
The frightful hospital, the dungeon-cell.

We too should weep! to think what scenes of woe
Surround our hearth; what tears around us flow;
Remorse, that tosses on its sleepless bed;
The laugh of Madness, and its burning head;
The dying gasp, the agonizing shriek;
Fever's hot touch, Consumption's hollow cheek;
Disease, that loathes the thankless boon of life,
While Fancy paints the morrow's searching knife.
Yes! we should weep, who range a drearier clime,
A vaster scene of misery and crime;
Where sensual joys, at every step, entice
The low-born herd to infamy and vice.
What now remains of all we loved to trace
Of merry England, and her happy race?
Her manly sports, the pride of other days,
The evening tale, the hospitable blaze?
The joyous laugh that spoke the mind as free,
The village May-pole, and the greenwood-tree?
All, all are gone! By Vice induced to roam,
No cheerful hearth invites the poor man home;

But where the ale-house prompts the low excess,
He gathers treason from the hireling press;
An envious wretch, a blot upon his time,
Whose march of knowledge is the march of crime.

Oh! dire effects of Trade's usurping reign!
What mighty mischiefs follow in her train!
The furnace rises where the hawthorn bloomed;
The ale-house poisons where the rose perfumed.
Where sang the blackbird, and where spread the lawn,
There, crimes and filth degrading cities spawn;
Creating millions but to weep and die,
And forcing rural innocence to fly.
Unwholesome signs of artificial power!
Thou frost-work fabric, crumbled in an hour!
A failing harvest, or a ruined trade,
And thousands tremble for the wealth they made;
And crowds, dependent on that wealth for bread,
By hunger maddened, curse the looms that fed;
Thrust forth Life's gathering horrors to bewail,
Some in the poor-house, others in the jail.

Then comes the strife, no longer nursed in stealth,
'Twixt man and man, 'twixt Poverty and Wealth;
Then Revolution, with her Gorgon band,
Will poise to stoop, and riot o'er the land;
That land which Art has decked with Paphian bowers,
Where both the Indies poured their golden showers;
That land which late her mighty swarms unroll'd,
To colonize new worlds, or conquer old.

Yes! see in stern reality advance,
The woes of Poland, and the crimes of France.
Cast round our eyes; whatever shores we view,
'Tis plain the million gain upon the few:
Each day some Monarchy, whose star has set,
Supplies the moral of the new gazette.
Ah! then no cry of Party we shall hear,
Tory or Roundhead, Whig or Cavalier;
No shifting madness of the people's yell,
No shout for Wilkes, or for Sacheverel;
But one deep plot to rend our dearest ties,
And crush the laws that levellers may rise.

IV.

Go! look at Paris; turn thy glance, and see—
Have all her struggles rendered France more free?
Have all her murdered victims lulled her snarls?
Her martyred Louis, or her exiled Charles?
Her favourite placed upon the Bourbon's throne?
And Revolution preached from zone to zone?
No! all for change, if king or system rules,
A reign of terror, or a reign of fools.

And what the fruit of those eventful days,
Which bards have sung, and politicians praised?
What did the widow or the orphan gain?
Or was each loved-one sacrificed in vain?
Go,—ask th' advantaged few by whom 'tis known,—
Go,—ask the crafty Orleans on his throne!
Yet, not of him,—he'll tell thee for his plea,
That he's her saviour, and that France is free,—
Not of the heroes of that bloody cheat;
Not of Lafayette, Perrier, or Lafitte;

But ask of France! Behold her famished soil,
The midnight plotting, and the daily broil.
Unhappy land ! where every heart was gay,
And Pleasure chased the unconscious hours away;
Where once the peasant danced beneath her vines,
Free as her gales, and sparkling as her wines;
How is she changed! Lo! Ruin stalks along
The sprightly scenes of chivalry and song;
Her peers demoralized, her wealth decayed;
Her better spirits quelled by hope delayed;
Her citizens arrayed in warlike bands,
Her manufactures flown to other lands;
Her priests despised, her nobles in distress,
A mock religion, and a venal press;
With nought of sensual pleasures but their dross,
Sin without gilding, Vice devoid of gloss;
Depraved inventions seizing Nature's part,
And her chief weakness tortured into art;
Cold, sickly vices, fearful of the light,
Which parting grandeur leaves her in its flight.

What though the blood, her sons have shed in vain,
Has scarcely dried upon the banks of Seine;
The foes of peace, on newer mischiefs bent,
Still raise the varied cry of discontent.
Hark to the yelling of the living flood,
Some for the Bourbon, others for his blood!
See! rolling on, beneath their minion's halls
They shout for him who shudders at their calls;
He,—the patrician Gracchus of his day,—
Who, all for freedom, still intrigued for sway;
Now, daily waking with instinctive dread
To hear the bullet whistle past his head.
Oh! how uneasy rests the slave of fools,
Fearing the very herd he made his tools!
See! where at yonder balcony he stands,
Spurning,—yet bowing to the rabble bands;
And Madame, with her bunch of laurel nigh,
To please the unvarnished heroes of July.
See! each impatient at the mutual thrall,
The mob below, the monarch in his hall;

The million find how little they have won,
And see, too late, they laboured for the one.
He, too, has learned that folly to condemn,
Which hugged a shadow for a diadem;
Will bless the days when, usher of a school,
He reigned the tyrant of domestic rule;
Panting to leave his greatness in the lurch,
To quit the sceptre, and resume the birch.

France, too, to rage,—though not to reason,—
brought,

Has learned how little time and change have wrought;
And springing to resume her fancied rights,
Will ape the madness of her former flights;
Till rising nations, sickening at her crimes,
Shall crush the wild Gomorrah of her times;
Her lands be lotted, and her name be given
A mockery to all the winds of Heaven!

V.

Let us go forth a holier spot to tread,
Let us forget the living for the dead!
There is a cloistered and half-ruined aisle,
Which girts, proud Westminster! thine ancient pile.
Close to the crowded scenes of noise and strife,
Yet here how hushed the pulse of human life!
Save when it tolls,—yon iron tongue of Time,—
Warning the living with its solemn chime.
Here, many a night, in happier hours than this,
When Life was new, and Solitude was bliss,
My steps have roved from Folly's senseless bower,
To woo the beauty of the moonlight hour;
And now, when years have brought a gloomier lot,
I seek once more the consecrated spot.
No more its rich monastic aisles display
The scarlet panoply, the long array;
The hooded tenants of the convent-cell
No more are summoned by the vesper-bell;

Yet still how calm and beautiful! On high
Hang the far lights that gem the azure sky;
And through the broken arches I behold
That pile o'er which a thousand years have rolled.
Calm on its lofty towers the moonlight falls,
Gilding its pinnacles and buttressed walls:
Above me frowns the cloister's vaulted gloom,
Beneath me rest the slumberers of the tomb;
Some o'er whose dust Affection's tears still flow,
And some who died long centuries ago;
Learning's pale sons, and Pleasure's laughing crew;
Warriors whose fame through frightened regions flew;
Who waved in Paynim-lands the battle-blade,
And rent the Crescent in the red Crusade;
Beauty, whose smile a pleading lover blest,
Maids of the melting eye and snowy breast;
Churchmen, who hurled,—unawed by earthly things,—
Their fierce anathemas at trembling Kings;
Saw the mailed warrior humbled at their feet,
And cited Monarchs to their Judgment-seat.

What are they now,—those meteors of their day?—
The brave, the fair, the sceptred,—what are they?—
Whose is this broken slab, this crumbling bust?—
They mark no more the undistinguished dust!
Look down, ye restless worshippers of fame,
And learn the empty nothing of a name!

Thou, too, the work of ages that have gone,
Thou glorious Abbey, which I gaze upon;
How dear to me is thy religious pile!
Each ancient tomb, and each familiar aisle!
Dear, when at noon the vulgar crowd has fled,
To hear those aisles re-echo to my tread;
Through the stained glass to mark the sunbeams
pour
Their blood-red tints upon the marble floor:
Come then, let Fancy weave the idle strain,
And fill with gorgeous forms these walls again;
While rapt Imagination's kindling eye
Sees all the pomp of Papal Rome pass by;

The mitred Abbot, and the torch-lit throng,
The white-robed chanters of the vesper-song;
And hooded monks in each deserted stall,
And Beauty kneeling at confessional;
While Bards and Warriors of the ancient time
Rise from their marble tombs, and live in rhyme.

VI.

St. Stephen's! on the gliding Thames no more
Thy shadows lengthen where they fell of yore;
Yet still we tread the memorable scene
Of days gone by, and triumphs that have been;
Scene of the Statesman's fame, the Patriot's toil;
Approach with awe!—we tread on sacred soil.
Here wit and goodness stormed, or won, the heart;
A Cato's virtue, or a Tully's art!
Here earlier Senates held the high debate;
Here Pym and Hampden sealed their monarch's
fate!

Here, lordly Strafford! dawned thy high career!
Here, virtuous Falkland! fell thy patriot tear!
Here, Cromwell, thundering with his iron band,
Thrust forth the sovereign Commons of the land;
From yonder table dashed the bauble-mace,
And swept the mighty from their pride of place!
Here St. John's angel-eloquence arose;
And Walpole won, and Chatham crushed, his foes!
Pause! for here Pitt a wondering Senate fired;
Here Burke blazed forth, and Perceval expired!
Here Erin's wrongs from Grattan's heart were
 wrung,
And England's glories burst from Canning's tongue!

VII.

I love the city's ever-varying scene;
I love from crowds philosophy to glean.
And yet how sweet, at intervals, to fly
From smoke and turmoil to a purer sky!
To scent the odours of the blossomed trees,
To climb the mountain, and to drink the breeze;

To seek, at noon, the forest's shady dell,
And listen to the distant village-bell;
Where herd the antlered browzers in the glade,
And,—sailing homewards in the twilight shade,—
The sable tenants of five hundred years
Pour their hoarse music in the listener's ears!

Ev'n now, where Nature yields a calm retreat,
A gentle landscape spreads beneath my feet;
I gaze upon the spot that gave me birth,
Whose scenes once echoed to domestic mirth!
Those scenes are peopled by an alien race,
I search in vain for one familiar face.
I stand alone, where many a heart beguiled,
And mourn in manhood, where in youth I smiled.
Long years have passed since last I trod the spot,
And yet no tree, no path-way, is forgot;
The meadows, where I culled my childish store,
Are gay with thyme and cowslips as of yore;
Still in the purple blossom hums the bee,
And still the squirrel leaps from tree to tree;

The garden-nook, my childhood called its own,
With box hemmed round, with pink and lupine sown;—
The sedgy stream, my truant boyhood ranged,—
All are the same,—myself alone how changed!

Yet dear each path, and sweet each tale they tell
Of rapturous welcomes, or the sad farewell;
When Thought dreams back affections that have fled,
And paints the lost, the faithless, and the dead;
Some in the tomb, and others far away,
'Midst Zembla's snows, or India's burning ray;
Yet Fancy, roused by Memory's ardent gaze,
Half grasps the joys and hopes of other days;
Redeeming, from the wreck of happier years,
The long-forgotten luxury of tears!

VIII.

His task is done; the poet's song is o'er;
She, whom he sought to please, inspires no more.

Why stands he gazing on these lighted halls,
Since buried hope is all their mirth recalls?
Why stands he listening to the merry sound
Of music, and the rapid feet that bound
Through the light mazes of the midnight dance?—
Why turns he here his melancholy glance?

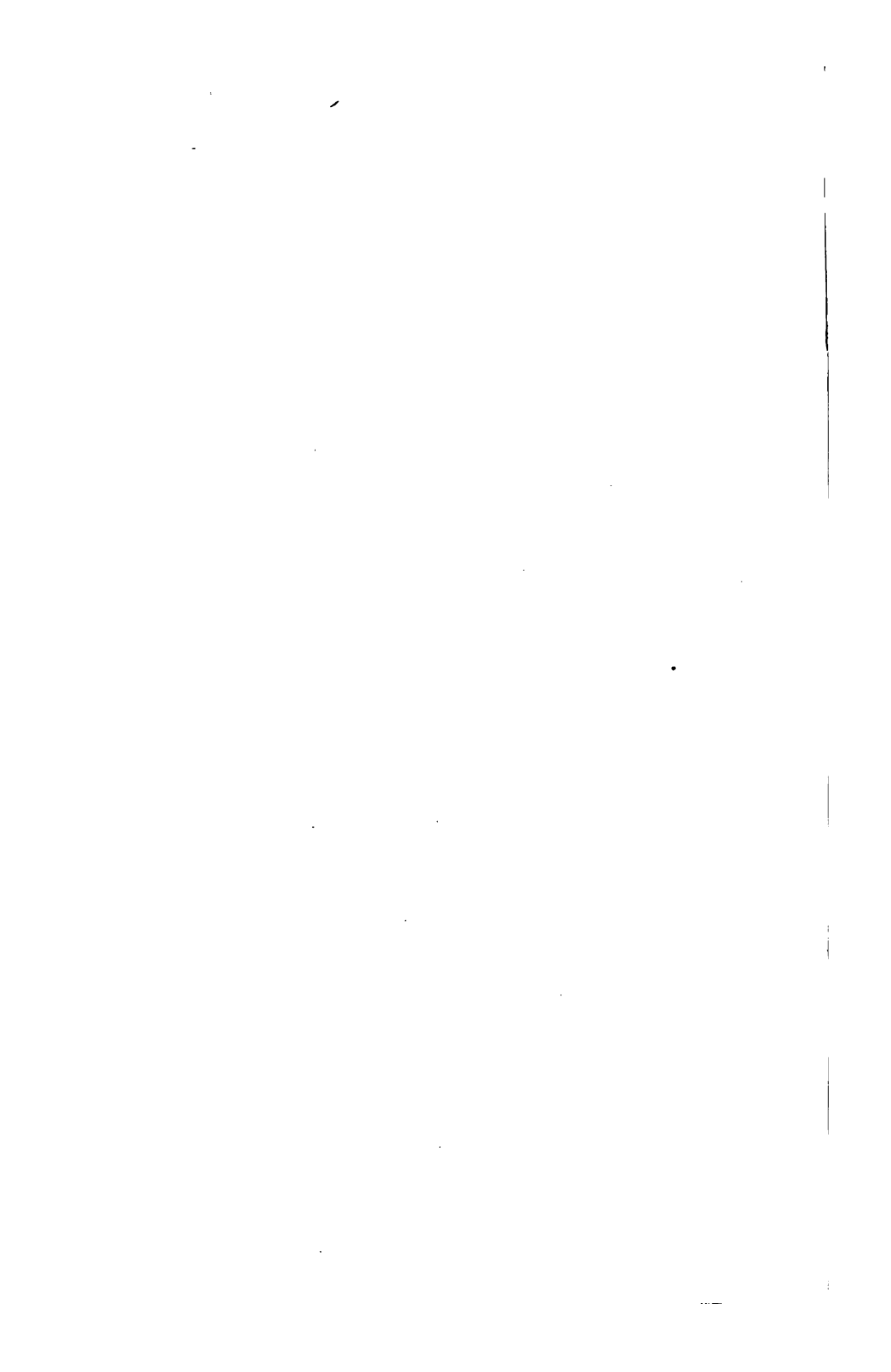
Is she not there, whose smiles, for many a day,
Threw hope and love, like sunshine, o'er his way?
Through the lone night, where'er his footsteps roam,
They ever end their wanderings at her home;
To kiss the ground her gentle feet have prest;
To watch the hallowed chamber of her rest;
To know her lulled in peaceful slumber there,
And offer for her weal his worthless prayer.

It was a moment he can ne'er forget,
A moment of sweet hopes, when first they met.
He saw her, and he loved her! Then once more
Gushed forth the feelings which he felt of yore;

And mingled, with the vision of her love,
Bright dreams of peace below, and bliss above;
Some happy home, with her his gentle bride;
There, hand in hand, to wander by her side;
The social group around the evening fire,
And some fair child to love him as its sire;
Redeemed by her, to feel his faults forgiven,
And climb with her the peaceful path to Heaven.

Vain, visionary hopes! how swift they flew!
How false the joys his cheating fancy drew!
Yet, Lady! had it been his fate to win
A form so fair, a heart so free from sin;
Then he had loved thee as thou shouldst be loved,
And thou hadst proved him as he would be proved.
For thee alone he tried the poet's art,
In hopes to touch, if not to win, thy heart.
Dull is his task-work now! for what would be
Fame, wealth, or honours, if unshared with thee!
What, though his verse could live till after times,
Unless thy name were blended with his rhymes!

Lady, sweet Lady! through this world of ours,
May thy smooth path be ever bright with flowers;
May every pure and tranquil joy be thine,
Though pain, and grief, and solitude be mine.
Thou wilt smile on, in youth and beauty's pride,
Ere long, perchance, another's destined bride:
For me, whose star of happiness has set,
Remains the one hard lesson—to forget.



NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

DRYDEN.

"Here Dryden's genius soared its lofty flight."

P. 13, line 3.

DRYDEN lived and died at No. 43, Gerard-street, Soho. In a letter to Elmes Steward, he writes:—"My house is the fifth door, on the left hand, coming from Newport-street." Again, in his dedication of "Don Sebastian" to Lord Leicester, he speaks of himself as a "poor inhabitant of his lordship's suburbs, whose best prospect is on the garden of Leicester House." At the period when Dryden thus wrote, Leicester House stood on the spot where the houses on the north side of Leicester-square now stand; the gardens extending as far back as Gerard-street. Spence informs us, on the authority of Pope, that the apartment in Gerard-street, in which the great poet "used most commonly to write," was the room on the ground floor next the street. It was in this house, on

the occasion of the poet's funeral, that the extraordinary and disgraceful scene took place, of which Dr. Johnson has related the particulars in his "Life of Dryden."

MILTON.

"There fancy blazed through Milton's darkened sight."

P. 13, line 4.

The task of following Milton from one London residence to another is not a little interesting. He was born at the house of his father, a scrivener, in Bread-street; a narrow street running from Cheapside to Queenhithe. Almost every house had then its sign, and that by which the residence of the poet's father was distinguished was the "Spread Eagle," (the armorial bearing of his family,) which hung over the door. We learn from Anthony Wood, who was only junior to Milton by a few years, that, in his time, foreigners used to pay a pilgrimage to the house in Bread-street, in which the great poet first saw the light. Aubrey, another contemporary writer, informs us:—"The only inducement of several foreigners, that came over to England, was to see the Protector Oliver, and Mr. John Milton; and would see the house and chamber where he was born."

Milton was educated at St. Paul's school, London. After he quitted Cambridge, he passed his time principally at his father's house at Horton, near Colnbrooke, in Buck-

inghamshire, and subsequently in foreign travel. On his return from Italy, in 1642, we find him taking up his residence in St. Bride's Church-yard, Fleet-street, where he superintended the education of his nephews, John and Edward Philips, as well as that of a few other youths, whose parents had prevailed upon him to take their children under his charge. It was during his residence in St. Bride's Church-yard, that Milton formed his memorable marriage with his first wife, Mary Powell. "His first wife," says Aubrey, "was brought up, and lived where there was a great deal of company, merriment, and dancing; and when she came to live with her husband at Mr. Russell's, in St. Bride's Church-yard, she found it very solitary — no company coming to her, and oftentimes hearing his nephews beaten and cry. This life was irksome to her, and so she went to her parents at Forest Hill. He sent for her, after some time, and I think his servant was evilly treated; but as for wronging his bed, I never heard the least suspicions, nor had he of that any jealousy." To use the homely phrase of Aubrey, when speaking of Milton's matrimonial unhappiness—"Two opinions do not well on the same pillow." Milton was as fond of his gloomy study, as his wife was attached to the gay saloon: the one was a bigoted republican, and the other had been brought up in a family, enthusiastically devoted to the royal cause, and not averse to the pleasures of the world. But whatever may have been the immediate circumstances which led to their estrangement, it is certain that they had only lived

together a month, when the lady eloped from the roof of her puritanical husband, and flew to her parents, who were then in the military quarters of Charles the First, near Oxford.

From St. Bride's Church-yard, Milton, in 1643, removed to a "handsome garden-house" in Aldersgate-street; and it was during his brief residence in this street that he was prevailed upon to restore his wife to his affections and his hearth. The circumstances which led to their reconciliation are well known. According to Philips,—the poet's nephew and biographer,—Milton was in the habit of paying frequent visits to the house of one of his relations, of the name of Blackborough, in the Lane of St. Martin's-le-Grand. Aware of this fact, his wife—with the consent of her relations, and with the kindly connivance of the master of the house—concealed herself in a neighbouring apartment, on a day on which the poet was expected. Milton had scarcely seated himself, when she, whom he never expected to see again, suddenly rushed into the room, and throwing herself on her knees before him, passionately implored his forgiveness. For some time he remained obdurate, but their mutual friends interceding, he was at length prevailed upon, as a first step to their final reconciliation, to place her in the house of one Widow Webber, in St. Clement's Church-yard, whence, after a short interval, he took her back to his own home. In his beautiful description of Adam's reconciliation with Eve after their fall, Milton had evidently in his mind his own interview with his repentant wife.

" She, not repulsed, with tears that ceased not flowing,
 And tresses all disordered, at his feet
 Fell humble, and, embracing them, besought
 His peace."

And again,—

" Soon his heart relented
 Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,
 Now at his feet submissive in distress !"

Milton's reconciliation with his wife took place in July 1645, in which year he removed from Aldersgate-street to a larger house in Barbican. Here he remained till 1647, when he took a smaller house in High Holborn, overlooking Lincoln's-inn-fields.

When Milton, in 1650, received the appointment of Latin Secretary to the Commonwealth of Great Britain, he was accommodated with official apartments in Scotland-yard, then forming a part of the old palace of Whitehall. The rooms, however, not being ready for his use, he took lodgings, in the interim, at "one Thomson's, next door to the Bull Head Tavern, at Charing-cross." As we find that the back-rooms overlooked Spring-gardens, this temporary residence of the great poet was probably between the present Admiralty and Drummond's Bank.

After residing in Scotland-yard for a short time, Milton removed to another "garden-house," in Petty France, Westminster, "next door to the Lord Scudamore's, and opening into St. James's Park." Here he lived for about eight years, and here it was that his sight, which had been long failing him,

left him in complete darkness. Here also it was that he suffered the additional affliction of losing his second wife, to whose loss we owe one of the most beautiful of his sonnets,—

“ Methought I saw my late espoused saint,
Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave.”

Milton buried his wife in the neighbouring and interesting church of St. Margaret's, Westminster. One can almost imagine the figure of the blind poet, as he passed up the nave of the church; or as he stood by the side of the open grave, when the creaking of the ropes could alone have informed him that his beloved wife was being lowered into her last home.

At the Restoration, the prominent part which Milton had acted under the Protectorate, and during the civil troubles, rendered him a proscribed man; and he accordingly sought refuge in the house of a friend, in Bartholomew Close, Smithfield, where he remained concealed till he found himself included in the general amnesty. He then took a house in Holborn, near Red Lion Fields, whence he removed to Jewin-street, running from Aldersgate-street into Redcross-street, where he remained until the breaking out of the Great Plague in 1665. In consequence of the frightful pestilence raging immediately around him, he retired for a short time to a small house at Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire, whence he returned to London the following year, and took up his

abode in Artillery-walk, Bunhill-fields, the site of which is pointed out by the present Artillery-place, Bunhill-row. His great poem, "Paradise Lost," appears to have been principally composed during his residence in Jewin-street; and in Artillery-walk he completed his "Paradise Regained." Here also Milton breathed his last, in November, 1674.

Milton's biographer, Philips, informs us, that during the time the great poet lived in Artillery-walk, he used, in fine summer weather, to sit at the door of his house, in a coarse grey cloth cloak, to enjoy the fresh air, and that in this manner he received the visits of persons of rank and genius, who came to do homage to him. A Dr. Wright, a clergyman of Dorsetshire, informed Philips that he once paid a visit to the blind poet in Artillery-walk. He found him in a small apartment, on the first floor, hung with rusty green, where he was seated in an elbow chair, neatly dressed in a black suit. His face was pale, but not cadaverous. He was suffering much from gout, and especially from chalk-stones; and he told Dr. Wright that were it not for the pain which he endured, his blindness would be tolerable.

With a single exception, the various London residences of Milton have been levelled with the ground, either by the great fire of 1666, or by modern improvements and innovations. The exception to which we allude is his house in Petty France, Westminster, overlooking St. James's Park. The front—formerly the back—of the house now forms a part of York-

street (No. 19): the back still overlooks the Park. This interesting house was rented, a few years since, by William Hazlitt, solely from its having been the residence of Milton. Nearly at the summit of the old front, Hazlitt caused a stone to be inserted, on which he inscribed the words,—SACRED TO MILTON, THE PRINCE OF POETS. Milton's house, it may be remarked, overtops the garden of what was once the residence of the celebrated Jeremy Bentham.

The reader can scarcely have failed to observe, that the various London residences of Milton were situated among what are now the most populous districts of the metropolis. In the life-time of the poet, however, the appearance and boundaries of London were very different from those of the present day; nearly every spot which we have mentioned having been then in the suburbs of London. Milton, indeed, delighted in the *rus in urbe*, and he ever selected what was then styled a "garden-house," overlooking the green fields, in which the poet delighted to bask in the sunshine, and to inhale the breeze. Fresh air, indeed, and the vicinity of the country, seem to have been as necessary to his existence, as was the society of men of learning and genius—the latter being only to be enjoyed by a close communion with great cities.

Not far from Artillery-place is the interesting church of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, in which the remains of Milton were interred. Aubrey, writing in 1681, informs us,—“He lies buried in St. Giles's, Cripplegate, upper end of the chancel, at

the right hand : Memo., his stone is now removed : about two years since the two steps to the communion-table were raised. Speed and he lie together." In the parish register, among the entry of burials on the 12th of November, 1674, are the words,—“ John Milton, gentleman, consumption, chancel.” In 1790, on the occasion of some alterations in the church, Milton's remains were discovered, and immediately became the object of idle curiosity, and far more blameable desecration.

For nearly one hundred and twenty years, the grave of the immortal poet remained without a memorial of his resting-place, till, in 1793, Mr. Whitbread erected a bust and inscription over his remains. The bust is by Bacon, and on a pillar are inscribed the words—

JOHN MILTON

Author of *Paradise Lost*,

Born Dec. 1608.

Died Nov. 1674.

His father, JOHN MILTON, died March 1646.

They were both interred in this church.

Samuel Whitbread posuit, 1873.

GOLDSMITH.

" These walls still speak of Goldsmith's mournful tale."

P. 13, line 5.

Fortunately we are able to point out more than one of the London residences of the gifted, the warm-hearted, and ill-fated Oliver Goldsmith. With scarcely an exception, they were the scenes of privation, misery, and want. After residing for a few months in the house of Griffiths, the bookseller, and proprietor of the *Monthly Review*,—to whose *Miscellany* he regularly contributed for a miserable pittance,—he took up his abode, in 1757, in the neighbourhood of Salisbury-square, Fleet-street. From hence he removed to Green Arbour-court, between the Old Bailey and Fleet-street. In this miserable abode he was visited by Bishop Percy, the collector of the *Reliques of English Poetry*, who was accustomed to relate an interesting account of their meeting. He found the poet employed in writing his *Enquiry into Polite Learning*, "in a wretchedly dirty room, in which there was but one chair; and when, from civility, this was offered to his visitant, Goldsmith was obliged to sit in the window. While they were conversing, some one gently rapped at the door, and on being desired to come in, a poor little ragged girl, of very decent behaviour, entered, who, dropping a curtsy, said,—'My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favour of your lending her a pot-full of coals.'" In consequence of their threatening to fall from age

and dilapidation, the miserable abode of Goldsmith in Green Arbour-court, as well as the adjoining houses, were, a few years since, razed to the ground, and some buildings connected with a wagon-office now occupy their site.

From Green Arbour-court, Goldsmith removed, in 1760, to Wine-office-court, Fleet-street. Here he remained about two years, when he took lodgings in the house of a Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming, at Islington, where he continued to reside till 1764.

Canonbury Tower, Islington, — which in the days of Goldsmith stood in the open fields,—is said to have been frequently the hiding-place of the unhappy poet, when threatened with arrest and the jail. Here, too, tradition informs us that he composed his "Deserted Village." Canonbury Tower is thus described by Washington Irving. —"It is an ancient brick tower, hard by 'merry Islington,' the remains of a hunting seat of Queen Elizabeth, where she took the pleasure of the country when the neighbourhood was all woodland. What gave it particular interest in my eyes, was the circumstance that it had been the residence of a poet. It was here Goldsmith resided when he wrote his 'Deserted Village.' I was shown the very apartment. It was a relic of the original style of the castle, with panelled wainscot and gothic windows. I was pleased with its air of antiquity, and its having been the residence of poor Goldy." Goldsmith's apartment is said to have been an old oak room on the first floor, and he slept in a large press-

bedstead in the eastern corner. The old tower still stands, but the apartment inhabited by Goldsmith has been sadly metamorphosed since the days of the poet.

The last London residences of Goldsmith were in the Temple. His first chambers were on the library staircase, No. 2, Garden-court, which, as well as those in No. 1, have been since pulled down; but Nos. 3 and 4 still remain. From Garden-court he removed to King's Bench Walk, and lastly, to No. 2, Brick-court, where his rooms were on the second-floor, on the right-hand side as we ascend the stairs. In these apartments Goldsmith breathed his last. His remains lie interred in the burial-ground of the Temple.

SPENSER.

"Here Spenser starved," &c.

P. 13, line 6.

The great poet, Edmund Spenser, died of want at a small inn or lodging-house, in King-street, Westminster. Drummond, of Hawthornden, tells us, in his "Conversations with Ben Jonson"—"Ben Jonson told me that Spenser's goods were robbed by the Irish, in Tyrone's Rebellion; and he and his wife merely escaped; that he afterwards died in King-street by *absolute want of bread*; and that he refused twenty pieces sent him by the Earl of Essex, and gave this answer to

the person who brought them—'That he was sorry he had no time to spend them.' " After his death, peers and poets alike vied with each other which could most do honour to his remains :—

" How proud they can press to the funeral array
Of one whom they shunned in his sickness and sorrow ;
The bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow !"

The expenses of Spenser's funeral were defrayed by Elizabeth's great favourite, the Earl of Essex. Anne, Countess of Dorset, erected the monument over his grave in Poet's Corner ; and, to use the words of his contemporary, Camden—" His hearse was attended by poets and mournful elegies ; and poems, with the pens that wrote them, were thrown into his tomb."

RUSHWORTH.

" ——— there Rushworth died in jail."

P. 13, line 6.

John Rushworth—the indefatigable student, and author of the celebrated " Historical Collections,"—devoted a long life in adding to the historical stores, and enriching the literature, of his country, and thus missed many splendid opportunities of amassing a large fortune. In 1684, he was arrested for debt, and committed to the King's Bench Prison, where he died, six years afterwards, of a broken heart, at the age of eighty three.

DR. JOHNSON AND RICHARD SAVAGE.

" Here, nightly outcasts, round this lordly Square
Johnson and Savage roamed, a houseless pair."

P. 13, lines 7 & 8.

I have seldom passed through St. James's-square without calling to mind the strange fortunes of these two celebrated men. Frequently their necessities compelled them to pass whole nights in the streets of London; and, in after years, Johnson mentioned a particular night to Sir Joshua Reynolds, when, without a shilling between them, he perambulated St. James's-square, for hours, with his unfortunate friend.

OTWAY.

" Here Otway's fate yon frowning Tower recalls."

P. 13, line 9.

The great dramatic poet, Thomas Otway, died, if not of actual starvation, at least in extreme poverty, at a house known by the sign of the "Bull," on Tower Hill. Dennis tells us that it was an alehouse; but, according to Oldys, in his MS. notes to "Langbaine," it was a spunging-house. "He died," says Dr. Johnson, "in a manner I am unwilling to mention. Having been compelled by his necessities to contract debts, and hunted, as is supposed, by the terriers of the law, he retired to a public house on Tower Hill, where he is said to have died of want; or, as it is related by one of his biographers, by swallowing, after a long fast, a piece of bread which charity had supplied. He went out, as is

reported, almost naked, in the rage of hunger, and finding a gentleman in a neighbouring coffee-house, asked him for a shilling. The gentleman gave him a guinea, and Otway, going away, bought a roll, and was choked with the first mouthful." Such, at the age of thirty-three, was the fate of Thomas Otway, the author of the "Orphan" and "Venice Preserved!"

GAY.

" There Gay was nursed in Queensberry's ducal halls ;
Those halls, where Prior was beloved of yore,
Received with rapture one true poet more."

P. 13, line 10, &c.

These lines allude to Uxbridge House, formerly called Queensberry House, at the north end of Savile-row. Here, in health and in sickness, through good repute and bad repute, Gay was domesticated and petted by his affectionate patrons, the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry ; and in this house he breathed his last. To Pope he writes, about two years before his death :—" My melancholy increases, and every hour threatens me with some return of my distemper. Not the divine looks, the kind favours and expressions of the divine Duchess, nor the inexpressible goodness of the Duke, can in the least cheer me. The drawing-room no more receives light from those two stars ; there is now what Milton says is in hell, ' darkness visible.' Oh ! that I had never known what a court was !" The Duchess, it is needless to remark, was the " Kitty" of Prior's verse.

CONGREVE.

" Here, in this chamber, Congreve's hours were blest,
 With blooming Wortley for his evening guest ;
 Here Oldfield's beaming eyes, and quiet mirth,
 Threw love and laughter round his cheerful hearth ;
 Here flashed his wit, and here the poet died,
 Marlborough's young Duchess weeping by his side."

P. 13, line 13, &c.

Congreve lived and died in Surrey-street in the Strand, where, Lord Dorset informs us, the great poet "slabbered wit" to the last. The charming actress, Mrs. Oldfield, was his chosen companion ; and Lady Mary Wortley Montague, in some well-known verses, paid him as high a compliment as beauty could pay to wit :—

" And when the long hours of the public are past,
 And we meet with champagne and a chicken at last ;
 May every fond pleasure that moment endear,
 Be banished afar both discretion and fear ;
 Forgetting, or scorning, the airs of the crowd,
 He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud ;"
 'Till lost in the joy, we confess that we live,
 And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive."

The affection which the beautiful Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, bore to Congreve, is well known. The poet bequeathed to her his whole fortune ; and in return, she has recorded their friendship, and her own admiration, in an epitaph, of her own composition, on his tomb in Westminster Abbey.

STERNE.

"Ill-fated Sterne! a different lot was thine;
Thy closing scene demands a gloomier line."

P. 14, lines 1 & 2.

Sterne breathed his last at his lodgings in Bond-street, on the 18th of March, 1768. Mr. D'Israeli observes, in his "Calamities of Authors,"—"It does not appear to have been noticed that Sterne died with neither friend nor relation by his side! A hired nurse was the sole companion of the man whose wit found admirers in every street, but whose heart, it would seem, could not draw one to his death-bed. We cannot say whether Sterne, who had been long dying, had resolved to practise his own principle, when he made the philosopher Shandy, who had a fine saying for everything, deliver his opinion on death,—'that there is no terror, brother Toby, in its looks, but what it borrows from groans and convulsions, and the blowing of noses, and the wiping away of tears with the bottoms of curtains in a dying man's room. Strip it of these, what is it?' I find the moment of his death described in a singular book, the 'Life of a Footman.' I give it with all its particulars:—'In the month of January, 1768, we set off for London. We stopped for some time at Almack's house in Pall-Mall. My master afterwards took Sir James Gray's house in Clifford-street, who was going ambassador to Spain. About this time, Mr. Sterne, the celebrated author, was taken ill at the silk-bag shop in Old Bond-street. He was sometimes called 'Tristram Shandy,' and sometimes 'Yorick,'

a very great favourite of the gentlemen. One day my master had company to dinner, who were speaking about him; the Duke of Roxburgh, the Earl of March, the Earl of Ossory, the Duke of Grafton, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Hume, and Mr. James. 'John,' said my master, 'go and inquire how Mr. Sterne is to-day.' I went, returned, and said,—'I went to Mr. Sterne's lodging,—the mistress opened the door,—I inquired how he did. She told me to go up to the nurse. I went into the room, and he was just a-dying. I waited ten minutes; but in five, he said, 'Now is it come!' He put up his hand, as if to stop a blow, and died in a minute.' The gentlemen were all very sorry, and lamented him very much.'"

LOVELACE.

" There, racked in anguish on his tattered bed,
Young, gifted Lovelace drooped his dying head."

P. 17, lines 9 & 10.

Richard Lovelace, the exquisite lyric poet, was, according to Anthony Wood, "accounted the most beautiful and amiable person that ever eye beheld; a person, also, of minute modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him, especially when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the female sex." Having spent his fortune in the cause of his unfortunate sovereign, Charles the First, and having twice suffered imprisonment for his loyalty, he passed over to the Continent, where he raised a regiment for the French King.

He was wounded at Dunkirk, and it was long believed in England that he had died of his wounds. It was under this false impression that Miss Lucy Sacheverel,—a young and beautiful girl, the “*Lucastra*” of his poetry,—gave her hand to another. On his return to England, we find the poet living in a miserable state of destitution in a “cellar” in Long Acre. His death took place, in 1658, in a “very mean lodging,” in Gunpowder-alley, near Shoe-lane, Holborn.

CHATTERTON.

“Pause, too, to mark yon mouldering roof, hard by;
There hapless Chatterton retired to die.”

P. 19, lines 1 & 2.

Chatterton's last days were passed at the house of a Mrs. Angel, a sack-maker, in Brook-street, Holborn. Knowing how long he had fasted, and that he was penniless, she offered him some dinner the day before his death, which his pride, superior to his sufferings, induced him to reject. A few hours afterwards he swallowed poison, and the next day, the 25th of August, 1770, he was found dead in his bed. His remains were placed in a shell, and interred in the burial-ground of Shoe-lane workhouse. The site of the house in which he died is occupied by a furniture warehouse, and the ground in which he lies buried, now forms a part of Farringdon Market! At the time of his death, Chatterton was only in his eighteenth year!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"The moon shines bright upon the hallowed spot,
Where passed thy closing hours, immortal Scott!"

P. 23, lines 5 & 6.

These lines refer to a spot—unpoetical in every other respect—the St. James's Hotel, in Jermyn-street. When Sir Walter, by his own particular wish, was hurried from the shores of the Mediterranean, to breathe his last at his beloved Abbotsford, it was here that he passed the three melancholy weeks which intervened between his arrival in London and his departure for the banks of the Tweed. There are, perhaps, persons who may like to be informed that his bed-room was the second-floor back room. "It was on a calm clear afternoon of the 7th of July [1832]" says Dr. Robert Fergusson, "that every preparation was made for his embarkation on board the steam-boat. He was placed on a chair, by his faithful servant, Nicholson, half-dressed, and loosely wrapt in a quilted dressing-gown. He requested Lockhart and myself to wheel him towards the light of the open window, and we both remarked the vigorous lustre of his eye. He sat there silently gazing on space for more than half an hour, apparently wholly occupied with his own thoughts, and having no distinct perception of where he was, or how he came there. He suffered himself to be lifted into his carriage, which was surrounded by a crowd, among whom were many gentlemen on horseback, who had loitered about

to gaze on the scene. His children were deeply affected, and Mrs. Lockhart trembled from head to foot, and wept bitterly. Thus, surrounded by those nearest to him, he alone was unconscious of the cause or the depth of their grief, and, while yet alive, seemed to be carried to his grave."—*Lockhart's Life of Scott*. On the 7th of July, 1832, Sir Walter embarked on board the steam-vessel for Scotland. On the 11th his eye once more brightened up, as it caught the familiar waters of the Tweed, and when at length he recognised the towers of his own Abbotsford, he sprung up in the carriage with a cry of delight. On the 21st of September the mighty master of romance and song had ceased to exist.

MARY, QUEEN OF FRANCE, AND CHARLES BRANDON.

" See youthful Mary, destined bride of France,
Half pleased, half angry, blush at Brandon's glance !"

P. 20, lines 13 & 14.

Mary, Queen of France, youngest sister of King Henry the Eighth, was one of the most beautiful women of her time; while her lover seems to have been a personification of all the grace and chivalry of the romantic age in which they lived. " Being a person comely of stature," says Dugdale, " high of courage, and conformity of disposition to King Henry the

Eighth, he became so acceptable to him, especially in all his youthful exercises and pastimes, that he soon attained great advancement, both in titles of honour and otherwise." He was the son of Sir William Brandon, who was standard-bearer to Henry the Seventh at the battle of Bosworth, and who fell by the hand of King Richard in that memorable engagement. The son inherited the gallantry of the father. He distinguished himself, in early life, in a naval action off Brest; and, in 1513, he accompanied his friend and master, Henry the Eighth, in the expedition of Thereune and Tournay, where he led the advanced guard of the army, and where his valour was so conspicuous that Henry conferred on him the dukedom of Suffolk. In the magnificent interview between Henry the Eighth and Francis the First of France, on "the Field of the Cloth of Gold," the Duke of Suffolk shone second only to his royal master.

There can be little question that, previous to her marriage with Louis the Twelfth of France, a romantic attachment existed between the betrothed princess and her chivalrous admirer. When she quitted England to be united to her unwelcome husband, the Duke was one of the persons appointed to attend her in her progress; and, at her subsequent coronation at St. Denis, she beheld her lover victorious over every competitor, at the splendid tournament which succeeded the ceremony. The feelings of the young queen on this occasion must have been painful in the extreme. Before her knelt, to receive from her hands the crown awarded to the victor, the

man to whom her heart was devoted ; while by her side sat the gouty valetudinarian, King Louis, whose immoderate fondness for her must have added to the repulsive feeling with which she had consented to share his throne. Fortunately for the lovers, the king survived his marriage scarcely three months, and, almost immediately afterwards, the beautiful queen conferred her hand on her chivalrous admirer. That the King of England privately gave his consent to their union, there can be little question. The Duke of Suffolk, indeed, was perhaps the only subject in England who would have dared to conceive, even in thought, the idea of uniting himself to the widow of a King of France, and a sister of the implacable Henry the Eighth.

CROMWELL.

" Whence was the pang that iron frame that shook ?
Whence was that sudden start, that haggard look ?
Can airy trifles shake that mighty mind,
The rustling tapestry, the moaning wind ?"

P. 87, line 7, &c.

Nothing could be more pitiable than the state of Cromwell's mind at the close of his extraordinary career. Sorrows and insurrections were gathering fast around him ; rumours of plots and insurrections were of daily occurrence ; he had become deeply involved in debt ; many of his friends had proved

treacherous; the army was discontented; and the Levellers and Millenarians had declared themselves his deadly foes. He was tormented, moreover, by a painful disease; the terrors of assassination were constantly before his eyes; and the recent miserable death of his beloved daughter, Mrs. Claypole—who in the ravings of her delirium had accused him of the murder of the king, and upbraided him in the most frantic manner with his wickedness—added to his morbid depression of spirits, and rendered existence a misery. Suspicious, not only of strangers, but of friends, it had long been his custom to carry loaded pistols, and latterly he wore a coat of mail under his clothes. He never went abroad without guards; he seldom slept in the same chamber more than three nights; the locks of his apartments were constantly changed; when he journeyed to Hampton Court or Windsor, he never returned by the common road; and so rapidly did he travel, that his body-guard was always kept at a full gallop. Starting at imaginary dangers, and oppressed by the fear of dissolution and a distempered conscience, the terrified hypochondriac became a burden to himself: he shunned all society; the wild ravings of his dying child haunted his imagination, and from the hour of her death he was neither seen to smile, nor to take the least interest in passing events. Cromwell breathed his last at Whitehall, on the 3rd of September 1658—the anniversary of his two great victories of Worcester and Dunbar.

CHARLES THE SECOND.

"The song is hushed, the revellers are fled,
The monarch sleeps upon his funeral bed;
How coldly yawns the vault's sepulchral gloom;
There are no lords-in-waiting in the tomb!"

P. 40, line 7, &c.

Of the banquets, the revellings, and the voluptuousness, of which Whitehall was the scene in the days of Charles the Second, the reader will find ample and curious details in the pages of Evelyn, Pepys, De Grammont, and other contemporary writers. Evelyn, in particular, in a passage written on the night on which the "merry monarch" breathed his last, has left us a very graphic description of the royal apartments at Whitehall, as he beheld them only on the *Sunday* preceding:—"I can never forget," he says, "the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God, (it being Sunday evening,) which this day se'nnight I was witness of; the king sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarine, &c., a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers, and other dissolute persons, were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen, who were with me, made reflections with astonishment. Six days after, all was in the dust!"

WESTMINSTER ABBEY BY MOONLIGHT.

" There is a cloistered and half-ruined aisle,
Which girts, proud Westminster ! thine ancient pile ;
Close to the crowded scenes of noise and strife,
Yet here how hushed the pulse of human life ! "

P. 56, line 3, &c.

Those persons who, like the author, are sometimes willing to forget the turmoil of the present, to live in the silent and ideal world of the past, should wander, on a moonlight night, from Dean's-yard, into the solitary cloisters of Westminster Abbey. The scene which they will witness is, perhaps, the most beautiful and impressive which London can afford ; while the sudden transition from the noise and bustle of the streets, to the silent repositories of the dead, adds not a little to that solemnity of feeling, which must inspire even the coldest and most unpoetical on performing a pilgrimage to such a spot. The gloomy solitude of the cloisters ; the light playing on the beautiful tracery of the arches ; the mouldering tombs of departed monks and abbots ; and, above all, the venerable Abbey, with its host of historical associations, and its massive buttresses and fretted pinnacles mellowed by the moonlight, present a scene of beauty and interest, to which it would be in vain for either prose or poetry to attempt to do justice.

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